

Scarface

Young Jeezy

Yeah
Who put this thing together? Me
Yeah
That's who, me
(Gangsta Grillz)

Trick or treat, grind or sleep
Goin' fed on the beat
Mick be on the keys
Plain Jane on the sleeve
I fed the whole hood, I fed the whole town
I'm watchin' Scarface and that's with no sound
I'm boss-

All I got in this world (Yeah)
Is my balls and my word
And I don't break 'em for nobody (Yeah)
Mr. Thanksgiving

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I'm a boss, boss, this is boss talk
Bruce Leroy, might Crip walk
Grab the plunger, nigga, 'cause I shit talk
Ain't talkin' classrooms, I'm weighin' white chalk

We tryna live life, we tryna get right
And when you get right, just keep your shit tight
They tryna block a nigga, they tryna stop a nigga
Your bitch switched up, she outta pocket, nigga
Who can you trust though? Hey, where the love go?
Hey bitch, I'm shell shocked, I came from crack pots
I rep the have nots, yeah, I'm the mascot
Can't break my old habits, still got a stash box
Still tryna do better, still 'bout that whatever
I beat the feds, hoe, that's right I'm too clever
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Put the con in park, hop out, let stick off

They some civilian shooters, we whacked the big boss
It's still a dirty stick, I wiped the prints off
A real trap nigga, I'm talkin' brick talk
I treat my dog right, I make my pit walk
Hit it, make it sit tall
Ordered up one ready, mostly hard, I left a zip soft
In case he wanna practice, whip it till it's thick as batter
Girl, as strong as Trish Stratus, I'm a fitness master
Murder business bastard, snatch a nigga out his body
Doctor Gee, Miami, niggas backwards
But on IG they look like they turnt up
They know not to post they whips in pics, it's gon' get burnt up
Can't blame you for bein' a bitch, yo daddy soft, look who you learned from

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You niggas don't have the guts to be what you wanna be
You need people like me
So you can point your fucking finger and say "That's the bad guy"
DJ-